

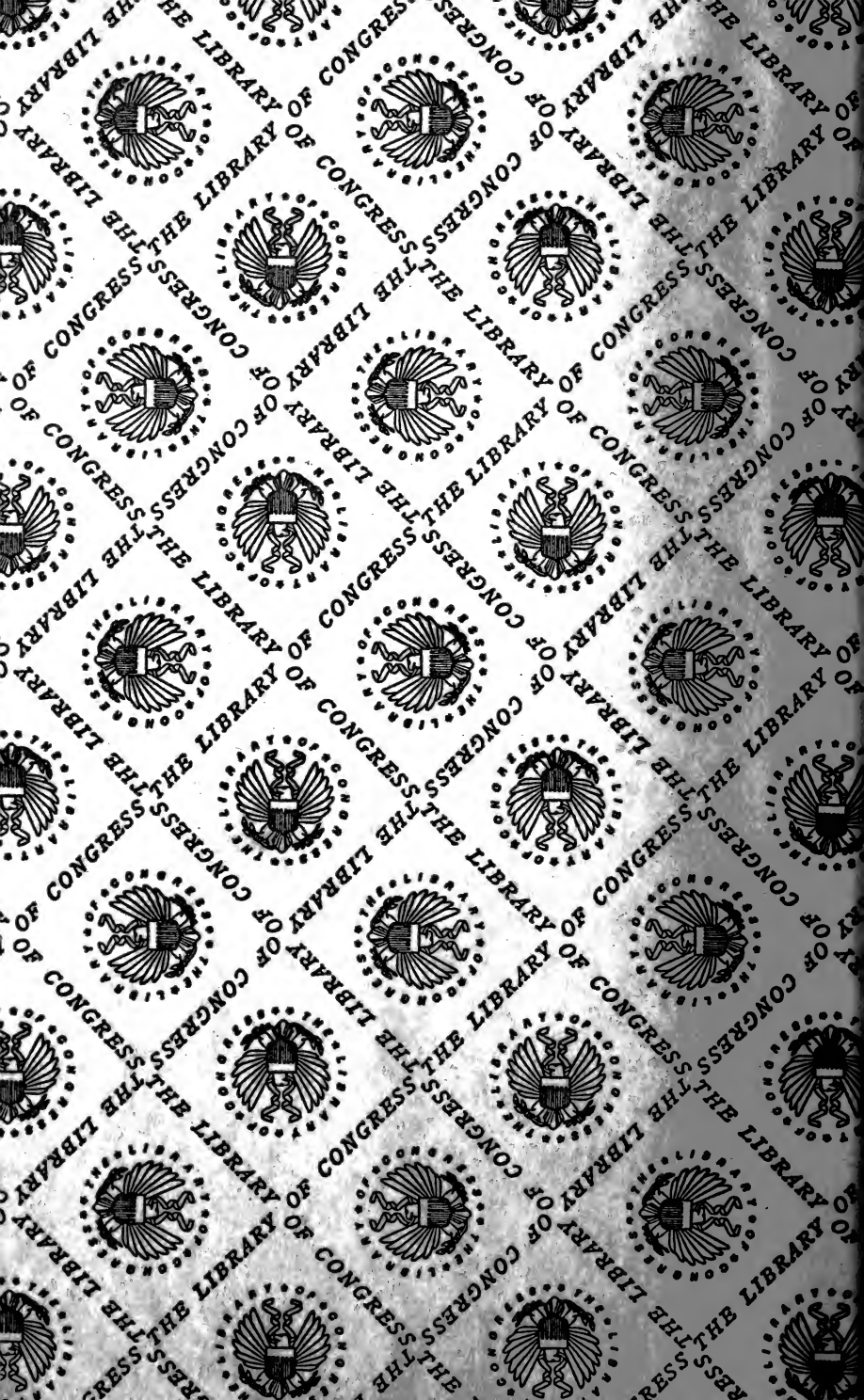
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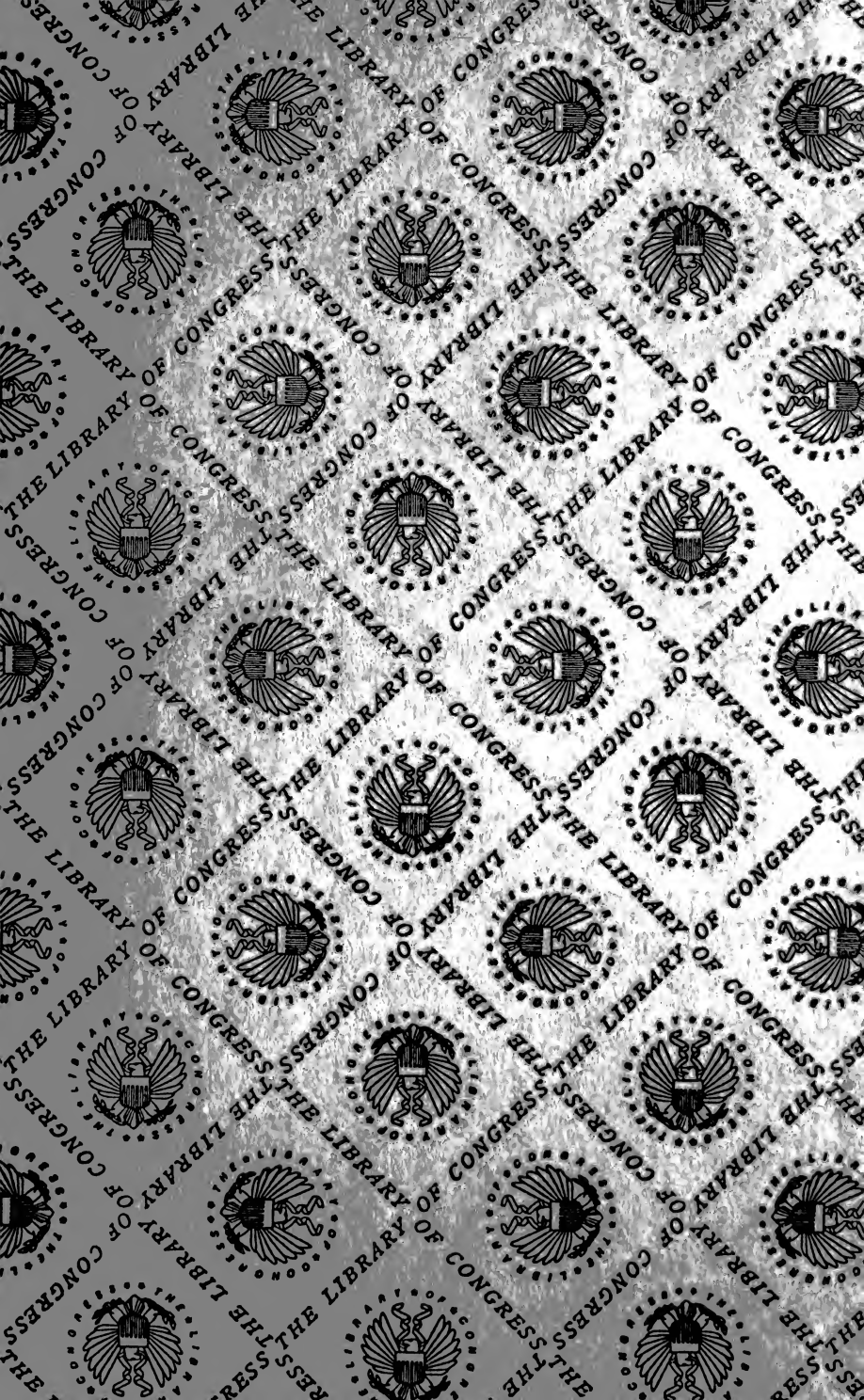
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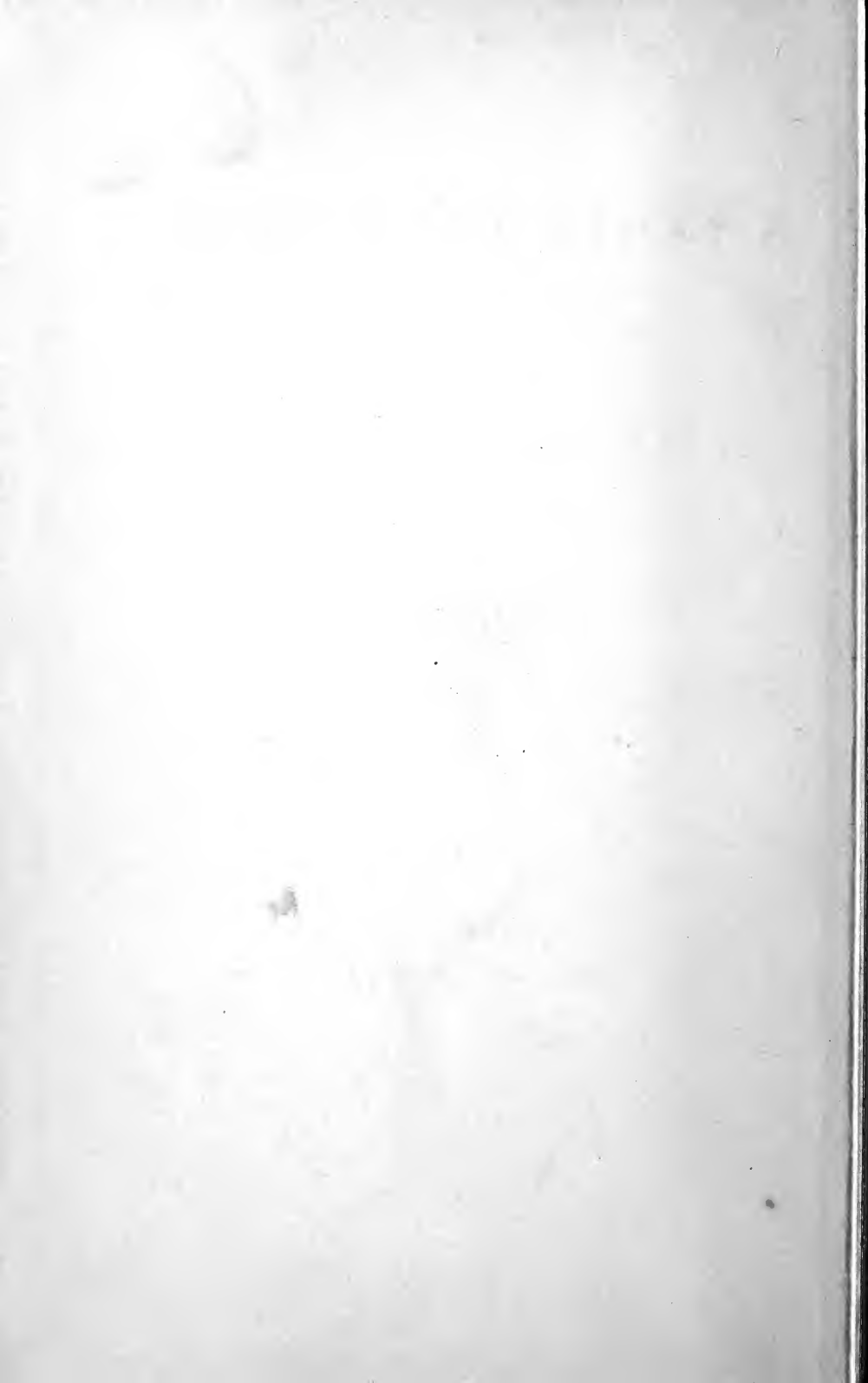












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A BOOK OF VERSE

INCLUDING A PLAY

BY THE STUDENTS

Pittsburgh
OF THE
"WESTINGHOUSE HIGH
SCHOOL



PITTSBURGH
PENNSYLVANIA

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PREFACE



THIS little book of poetry aims at nothing but to give to its limited number of readers a glimpse of a new phase of the development of the High School students of today. Just beyond the sphere of general academic work lies the semi-transparent borderland called appreciation; quick, active appreciation that gives to the eye and to the ear, then to the heart the desire for self expression.

¶ The boys and girls, all under nineteen years of age, who have contributed to this book have traveled a little way into that borderland of appreciation and felt the call to express their embryo philosophy of life.

¶ This book is proof that youth is not all-absorbing, not selfish, that it often touches the infinite more closely than most people suspect; that it is not excessively proud though justly proud when somehow it has through its own choice expressed itself. It is the desire of all young people to express themselves in some way, and fortunate indeed are those who are guided and encouraged to find the way.

¶ Take up this book then at intervals and read it. It is offered in the humble hope that it may be a stimulus to other students, and a source of pride as the first literary triumph of the students of the Westinghouse High School.

¶ The contributors will be gratified, indeed, if it gives even passing pleasure to the friends of their school.



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THE WAY OF A MAN

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WHAT paper that my dad received
Three years ago today,
Somebody run and get it quick;
He wants it right away.
So mother looks through boxes old,
We keep beneath the stair;
And I ransack the cabinet,
But the paper is n't there.

Dad scolds the entire household;
From the guiltless butler down.
And says that all the worthless stuff,
Is just left lying round;
But everything that 's valuable,
Despite the final cost,—
Is stuck where it can not be found,
If neither burned nor lost.

And so Dad keeps complaining,
Until mother starts to sing,
And then he frowns in silent rage,
And does n't say a thing.
The house looks like a hurricane;
Then in a fit of gloom
Small Jimmie grabs his ball and bat,
And races from the room.



And mother thinks the paper's lost;
And sister *knows* it's gone;
And Dad is tired of thinking
So he scowls and just looks on.
Then mother makes a final search,
Through Father's private shelf,
And, there it is. *He* recollects,
He put it there himself.



TODAY

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WE look to the dawn of tomorrow,
Forgetting the noon of today;
We cling to our grief and our sorrow,
As if they belonged to today.

This hour is the time to be happy,
Today is the time to be gay,
For we can be gladder tomorrow,
If we have been joyful today.

Away with our fretting and brooding,
And shut in the sunshine to stay;
Come, sing with the hour that is passing;
Tomorrow will build on today.

SPRING PLAYTIME

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WALK down the street on a sunny day.
Look at the boys and the girls at play.
No cheery song that the birds could sing,
Could tell us more truly that it is spring.
Children fly past you on roller skates.
What though the noise of it irritates?
Don't frown and give them a grouchy talk;
Give the glad youngsters the whole sidewalk;
Look at them going, their artful swerves,
Think of the fun of it—not your nerves.

Here comes one bouncing a gum jack-ball,
No other plaything she minds at all.
Skipping and jumping, away she goes.
Will she grow tired soon, do you suppose?
Older girls playing with jacks and ball,
Closely observed by the very small.
Chalk marked-up pavements for hopscotch game.
Scold them—but chalk is chalk just the same.
It will wear off in a half an hour,
Else 't will wash off in the first spring shower.

Down in the dust is a group of boys,
Bright colored marbles, their world of toys;
Children forget about time at all;
But fathers come home and then mothers call



Supper—and just a short hour for play,
Then a short night 'till the next long day.
Just after breakfast the girls and boys
Are back at their games with their springtime
noise.

You would enjoy it and so would I,
Could we but live in the days gone by.



WHEN BOUGHS ARE BARE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE flowers of last summer lie sleeping;
The leaf-covered earth is their bed.
And once where the violets were peeping,
A snow blanket covers their heads.
The frost turned the trees red and yellow;
The wind blew the leaves to the ground;
And the cold rains and snowstorms of winter
Have massed them and trampled them down.

Like sentinels watching all winter,
The trees lift their boughs to the sky;
To be tossed by the wind as it passes,
With a song, and a moan, and a sigh.
The children, indoors, hear the wind-song,
A message of snowfall and rain;
And they laugh at the song it is singing;
In their hearts, it is Springtime again.

THE TRAFFIC COP

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I 'D like to be the traffic cop
And make the crowds and street cars stop.
I 'd stand upon some busy square;
The busiest one anywhere,
Where people would not dare to pass,
For trucks and autos coming fast.
Back on the curb the crowds would stand
And wait for me to lift my hand.
I 'd blow my whistle loud and shrill,
And all the traffic would be still.
And then the crowds would surge across,
Half angry at the time they lost.
And ladies old, would hurry by,
Look up and down with anxious eye,
As frightened with the clanging noise,
As seven-year-old girls and boys;
Then cars would start and crowds would stop
At whistle from the traffic cop.
Perhaps some one would ask to know
Just how to get to so and so.
Then I would guide them all around;
Because I 'd know the whole down-town.
"To get to Jones and Marshall's Store,
Go up one block and down two more"—
"The big store on the corner there
At Sixth and Sixteen Hundredth Square."
Perhaps they 'd smile extremely nice,



At just a bit of such advice.
And I 'd turn quickly round again,
To watch the moving cars and men;
And as a cop, of course, I 'd know
Just when to let them come and go.
Back on the curb, small boys would stop
And wish that they were traffic cops.
No king in times that used to be,
Could have as much control as me.
They ruled in one small kingdom fair;
I 'll rule the crowds from everywhere.
I 'd like to be the traffic king,
Of street cars, crowds and everything!

Ten years is such a long, long while—
Will traffic cops be still in style?



IN APRIL

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



DARK and heavy clouds pass
Just above the town;
Through the mist of cloud mass,
Rain comes pouring down.

Soon the skies are lighter;
Silver clear the day;
Budding earth, now brighter,
Waits on flowery May.

LAW

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



HERE is no night so dark that tomorrow,
The sun will not break forth again;
There is no deep delight free from sorrow,
There are no flowers that bloom without rain.

There is no harvest reaped without sowing,
And planting, in months gone before;
No labor 's so hard through the knowing
The fruits when the labor is o'er.

There was never success without trying;
Through effort, all prizes are won.
No leader stands falsely denying
The trials in the race he has run.

There are no summits reached without climbing
The hill-top road, rugged and slow;
But his rapture needs no rude defining,
Who looks on the valley below.

HAPPINESS

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I WENT to search for happiness;
My search was vain and long.
I found it not in solitude,
Nor in the busy throng.

And then upon my tireless quest,
I sought for wealth and power,
But all my gold was not enough
To buy it for an hour.

Now with the rich, now with the poor,
I fancied it to be;
Not palaces or cottages
Could bring the gift to me.

In vain I searched my native land;
In foreign lands I sought,
'Midst unfamiliar sights and men;
And yet—I found it not.

A time of service, love and toil,
Stirred something dead within.
'T was there I found the hidden seed
Of happiness had been.

SMILES

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



PUT a smile on in the morning,
With the rising of the sun;
And make it one that won't wear off,
Until the day is done.
And wear it until evening time,
And try to wear it well,
And it will do more good to scores,
Than you can ever tell.

For once when you felt mean and blue,
And gloomy-like and sad;
And all the thoughts you tried to think,
Could never make you glad;
You thought you 'd have to entertain
The blues all day; and then,
It was the smile from some one else,
That made you smile again.

Just think how such a little thing
Has done so much for you!
Now is n't it a happy thought,
That yours might do it too?
Just think about the world of good
A smile has been to you.
Then think about the world of good
That you, yourself, could do.



OUR VIEW

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WE can not see, but for a little space;
We will not let our narrow view embrace

A later day, an after year, wherein
We murmur at our life, for what has been.

We grasp the near-at-hand; the far-away
We do not want; our little thirst today
Is quenched; but with mistaken joys, and we
Are blinded to the bigger things that be.

We choose the level road—the sandy way
That stretches straight before us; for a day
We trip along in sunshine, seeming bliss;
Until the road is vanished in a mist.

We shun the rocky road that winds about,
So bare and rugged, through a vale; now out
Into the open, keeping yet the sight
Of distant mountains, reached by toil and
might.

BEYOND

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I DO not see that one lone dogwood tree
at all,
With blossoms white that blow against
the grey stone wall.
I see a wooded hillside in the early spring,
Where, with the oak and birch, dogwood is blossoming.

I see a cool dark hollow where the ferns grow best,
And countless wildflowers, pink and white, and
amethyst.
I smell their wild sweet fragrance, carried on the
breeze,
That plays about, and in and out the new-leaved
trees.

That tiny fountain, splashing by the garden walks!
It sings of waterfalls that trickle over rocks,
Of baby rivers, cataracts, and streams as free
As are the waves that toss and toss, far out at sea.

I listen to the robin in the poplar tall;
I love its song and too, I love the bob-white's call.
I love the thrush at evening, singing in the glade,
And all the other singing birds that God has made.



That bit of tall grass, growing where the lawn begins,
Tells me of unmowed meadows, blowing in the wind,
Of open country side, where walls have never gone,
Of fields and roads, and roads and fields—and
woods beyond.

Oh! may we keep our open fields, our cities too!
The one may call so strong to me, and one to you.
But never, never, never, may the city wall
Reach out into the country, and surround it all!



THE DAY

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE dawn! the long dark night is gone;
The dull and grey clouds break apart;
The splendor of a golden morn!
Dear God, thy message to my heart.

The burst of life, a day begun;
Mere tinted grey, and then, at length,
The bright clear sky, the mighty sun.
Dear God, thy challenge to my strength.

And so when light has left the sky;
When stars come, with the night and rest;
No peace is mine when shadows lie;
Unless, that day has been my best.

LOVE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



LOVE is not blind; love is awake.
That adage is a grave mistake.
Although in ages long ago,
The sages said that it was so,
The thought was old when worlds were new.
They 'll chant it in the future, too.

Though somewhat blind, we all may be,
'T is they that love, who really see.
The rest should keep their notions hid,
Who never loved but think they did.
They advertise their wisdom, too,
As if they 'd found out something new.

I thought my knight lived far away,
And I expected him some day,
To cross the land, perhaps the sea,
And in some way, discover me.
He 'd have a gracious, princely air;
No other could with him compare.

We 'd wed and in our happy home,
We 'd weave a story all our own.
And life would be year in, year out,
Like fairy tales you read about.



Moral

Then I was blind, now I can see,
My knight was living next to me.
Oh, why did I not know before
That he was living just next door?



LOST

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I HAD a treasure store of gold,
My fortune for a day.
But somehow from my careless hold,
My treasure slipped away.

I sought to find the prize I lost,
Through hurried years that passed;
I paid the price at mighty cost,
That made it mine at last.

I lost a word from careless tongue,
Upon the idle air;
And from the harm that I had done,
I waited in despair.

Might I recall that word, my sin?
I searched and struggled long;
Its echo rings on each new wind,
And travels on and on.

THE DREAM PALACE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I KNOW a palace all builded of gold,
A palace that glistens and gleams;
'T is ever so new and 't is ever so old,
A beautiful palace of dreams.

It stands in the magical realm of delight,
And Hope is the architect fine;
He loves to keep working by day and by night,
And builds it of your dreams and mine.

It rests on the mystical whiteness of clouds,
High over the tops of the trees;
It gleams in the light of the red morning sun;
It rocks in the summer night breeze.

A palace on earth only lasts for a day;
A palace for kings and for queens.
But none in the world is so happy as they
Who dwell in the palace of dreams.

And hope, and the moon, and the stars throw a
light,
On the fairy-like stairway above;
And the very first step in the magical flight
Is molded and fashioned of love.



ON COUNTRY LIFE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WHEN the barnyard stirs at the hint of
dawn;
And the birds take up the tune;
And the east is flushed with a reddish light,
Say along in May or June;
When the sparrows chirp and the horses neigh,
And the cocks crow one by one;
O, I love to be in the country then,
With the rising of the sun.

O, I love to walk through the glist'ning fields,
When the grass is wet with dew;
And I love the cool, fresh, country breeze,
(And the country breakfast too).
O, I love to work in the open fields,
And the morning goes too soon;
(But O, I relish the country meals,)
So I love the country noon.

O, I love to tramp over country roads,
With the earth and sky in tune;
And I love to jog in a one-horse rig,
On a sunny afternoon.
But O, when the evening time comes on,
And the big red sun goes down,
And the cowbells tinkle mournful like,
I want to be back in town.



O, it makes a fellow lonesome like,
 When there 's darkness all around,
And the crickets start up their evening ode,
 With its plaintive little sound;
O, the crickets almost drive me wild,
 And they never, never stop;
So I go inside and I listen then,
 To the ticking of the clock.

And then sometimes there 's a lonesome cry
 From a lonesome whippoorwill!
Or perhaps a dog barking far away,
 Then again, it 's dark and still.
And I think of the busy far off town,
 With its streets as light as day;
While the fire flies give me a feeble light,
 In their feeble little way.

O, I love the farm and farmer too,
 And I love his working day.
And I love the life that the farmer lives,
 I believe it 's the only way.
But O, when the evening time comes on,
 And the big red sun goes down;
And the cowbells tinkle mournful like,
 I 'll take the next train for town.



CLOCKS

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I HAVE a clock that ticks away
The time of night; the time of day.
Instead of sleeping through the night,
When I'm in bed with eyes shut tight,
My clock keeps ticking on and on,
Until it ticks the hour for dawn.

But when the morning comes at last,
My clock delights in ticking fast;
Perhaps it feels like any one,
Who wakes and rises with the sun.
I only wish that clock of mine,
Could know that school begins at nine.

The minute hand just flies around,
And soon I hear the school bell sound;
The hand slips on to half past eight,
(I think it loves to make me late);
Sometimes I have n't time to eat,
But run the whole way down the street.

LIFE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



COME, tell me what life is, O Time!
Life is to love
The little world about our feet,
The sky above;
The tiny, perfect flake of snow,
The white, white land;
The pebble in the running brook,
The ocean sand.

Life is to love the music of the stream
That ripples by;
The roar and mystery of waves
That toss so high;
The breeze that whispers softly
In the maple tree;
The power that rules the winds that drive
The ships at sea.

Life is to love unspoken, noble deeds,
And kind words said;
To love the worthy living,
And the worthy dead.
But this is only part; Life is
To be a friend
To him who lives beside you; to the
World of men.



SONGS

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WY sweetest songs are those I leave unsung;
I wait and wait for words that never
come,
To breathe their music.

I wait, and wait, and hope, my song unborn,
Then grasp some word, imperfect, harsh and worn,
And sigh to use it.

O, could the dumb and everfalling rain
Impart to me one word of joy or pain,
To use again,
To tell the mystic story told to me,
By wind, and bird, and moon, and stars, and sea!
I try in vain.

But still the careless music of the rain
Plays on and on, and sings its own refrain
In perfect song.
And list'ning, may I hear each tiny word,
And may my struggling heart, when I have heard,
Keep dreaming on!

THE PRESENT

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



SING not about that deed of yesterday!
'T is done.
Forget those cherished praises and those
honors won!

Your work of time now passed, that graced the
smiling day,
Was finished, when the sun and warmth were
put away.

For yesterday, itself is gone, its glories dead.
Yet can today be gladdened by its blessings shed?
Need not the smiling sun that made the day so fair,
Shine now again this hour to warm the chill damp
air?

Need not the flowers that folded up at evening dew,
Awake at morn to fuller bloom with strength anew?
Need not the birds that sang so sweet, sing yet
today?
Can man enlighten present time with deeds of
clay?

Awake! for Nature challenges on every hand!
Today demands a bigger deed, the best you can;
It does not ask a record of past deeds from you,
It asks, "For this one present hour, what can
you do?"



THE LITTLENES OF SELF

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THERE is so much I can not, I would know;
There is so much I can not, I would see.
In boundless range, my eager thought
would go,
Could I but loose the chains that fetter me.

It is so vast; the unknown I would know;
It is so great; the unseen I would see.
But from my little range, I can not go;
For there are still the narrow bounds of "me."

To have a bigger vision, bigger sight,
That knows no limit, as the earth and sky,
I grope around, as one shut in by night,
Or as a bird, that fluttering, would fly.



ALL

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THOUGH I may have all wealth, and have
one need;
Still am I poor, O, very poor indeed!
Though I be poor, if only I can love,
All earth is mine—all earth and heaven above.

OUR WASHER WOMAN

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE Widow Smith, who comes each week,
To wash our clothes and clean,
Is just the gladdest, brightest soul
That I have ever seen.
Her husband died, and ever since,
For almost seven years,
She 's been so busy working
That she has n't time for tears.
And how she works the way she does,
Is more than I can see,
To keep eight children. Four of them
Are younger, yet, than me.
And while she works, day in, day out,
She sings about it too,
And never has to stop and rest
Like mother has to do.
I used to hate when wash day came,
With all its suds and steam;
But now I 'm almost sorry
When the clothes are washed and clean.
And when the line is taken down,
Sometimes it 's very late;
But still she hurries home again,
To wash and iron for eight.
Now I 'm not quite eleven yet,
And she is forty-three,
But by the way she smiles, I know
She 's happier than me.



If I could be like Mrs. Smith,
Jus' never bein' sad,
But goin' around from day to day,
A' makin' people glad,
I 'd wash for all the folks in town
And do the ironing too,
And then go out and hunt some other towns,
For just such work to do.



EVENING

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



WRAPPED is the earth in evening's crimson glow;
Night time draws on and winds forget to blow.

Over the bright horizon line afar,
Hangs in the fading light, one golden star.

Quiet the earth, for night is in the sky;
And to the music of the hour, the black leaves sigh.
Under the deep blue sky and starry sheen;
Meadows and woods are sleeping, cool and green.

Mellow and yellow glow of cottage lights
Shines across fields, wet with the dew of night;
All is at rest, except the sighing wind;
Peaceful without, and peaceful too, within.

OUR ALLIES

(Written second year after America's entry into the war.)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



IN this, man's war, in distant battleland,
Man's staunch allies, his partners in the
strife,

Are standing firm and bound by strongest ties.
They work in shell-swept land in thickest fight.
'Tis not of warring nations I would speak,
Or England, France and Belgium praise again,
These who with shields together fight as one
Vast army, with one purpose and one end.
But turn our minds to man's more humble friends,
And friends they are indeed, if friends there be,
And learn the lesson of their sacrifice,
And what the secret of their toil might be.

A patriot's blood is in the soldier's veins;
His hope—a hated monarch to dethrone.
Above the war of guns, his heart cries out
For freedom, and for country, and for home.

Who knows the secret of their faithfulness?
Who knows the hidden power of such great love?
These birds and beasts, no kin to mortal man,
By what instinct, what purpose are they moved?
There are no spoils for noble service done.
No gain for them impels their sacrifice,
They fight for no reward, and they alone.



Brave dogs, by thousands, working tirelessly,
Would not for any cause from duty stray;
Protecting, tending, shielding 'till the end,
Devoted valiant comrades in the fray.
And men there have been, cowardly at heart,
And men there are, who shrink from sights of war,
But treading bloody fields, these mastiffs go
Into the cannon's mouth, through Death's own
door.

From peaceful pastures of our western land,
From prairies and from quiet village greens,
And leaving plow and reaper in the field,
We lead the horse to fiery battle scenes.
We train him for the turmoil of the fight
For battlefield's array on foreign shore,
Until his glancing eye and snorting breath
Proclaim this noble creature, steed of war.
He fought in cumbrous war of ancient time;
He has his place in battles of today;
For nothing that invention will provide
Can ever bar the war horse from the fray.

Those carriers, those white winged messengers,
How small and yet how great the work they do
On land and sea; perhaps an army saved,
Perhaps the rescue of a sinking crew;
By every coastal guard of England's seas,
In every trench these carriers are held;
Mere pigeons, innocent and lowly birds;
But from their flight, with swiftness of the wind
A world of good from just a few short words.

A million staunch and noble fighting men,
A million birds and beasts across the sea,
Are side by side upon the battlefield,
And side by side they conquer agony.
Day after day in that unceasing din,
Of noise of battle and loud cannon's war
A cruel and far-reaching echo tells a tale:
For death must traverse every battle o'er.
And when our hearts in debt of gratitude
Go out to armies under Europe's skies,
Then let us too, reserve one kindly thought
For these—man's silent partners and allies.



THE RAINBOW

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I SAW a rainbow, fragile, slight,
Hang in a maze of silver light,
That follows after storm.
I watched its line of color die
Into the mist of silver sky;
Since of the mist 't was born.

I watched the beauty rainbows give,
Grow in the hearts of souls who live;
Sent from a God of grace.
Joy from the lost bow in the sky;
Joy from those souls that can not die;
Living the rainbow's space.



IN OCTOBER

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



IN the blue and haze of an autumn day,
O, could I but take my careless way
To the woods! And so carelessly I would go,
I would need no long-traversed path to show,
For a guide to me—for quite well I know
That the woods of autumn are all around—
And the brightest are farthest from the town,
Or the busy city, the smoke and grime.
O, an untouched, far-away woods, is mine!

Oh! my autumn woods will be all in bloom,
And there will I wander and there will be room
For my mind to think and my heart to dream,
And my soul to feel what may not be seen.
So away to the hills on an autumn day,
'Neath the open sky where the woods are gay,
With their reds and golds, and a sky of blue,
While the sun smiles down and the birds sing too.

The ripple of water, in harmony
With the theme of the red bird's melody;
And the sigh of the wind in the sunlit trees,
And the rustling sound of the fallen leaves,
Will be music enough for my Autumn day;
So off to the woods I will steal away.
O, the town will do for another day,
When the earth is cold and the hills are grey!

FRIENDSHIP

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I DO not ask for gold or fame,
Or for a great and honored name;
If through the long years I can claim—
A friend.

If in this wide world I can find
Just one, whom I call "friend of mine;"
I am contented for all time,
My friend.

Without you, what *is* all the earth?
Without you, riches have no worth;
But friendship gives all wishes birth,
My friend.

With you, my steps can not go wrong;
With you, I meet my cares with song;
With you, the years can not be long,
My friend.

With friends, ambition has its gain;
Work has its end and hope its claim;
One need in all the world I name—
A friend.



APRIL WOODS

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



O IN April, the woodland is more in bloom,
Than the woods in the flowery month of
June;

For a million wild flowers are growing there,
And the stir of a new life is everywhere;
And the Spring woods ring with the sweet clear
note

That swells from a happy robin's throat.

We can hear the splash of a waterfall,
And the murmur of water is over all,
For a hundred streams trickle cool and clear,
Running slowly there, running swiftly here;
And a mingling of color is all around;
Tints of flowers that cover the moist, new ground.

And a mingling of voices is in the air,
'T is the making of melody, new and rare.
And each growing thing has a song to sing,
In a wood that is throbbing with life, in the Spring.
O, to wander there, just to catch the tune
Of a wood more alive than a wood in June.

REALIZATION

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I READ of battles and their cost,
In countries overseas;
The stories of tremendous loss
I read; and yet for these,
I did not know.

I read of far off shell-torn France;
How strong men fight and fall,
In firm and glorious advance;
And yet with reading all,
I could not know.

I read of armies lying dead,
The mighty toll of war;
I read of rivers running red,
'Till I could read no more.
I thought I knew.

I passed a soldier, crippled, blind,
A man in strength of youth;
War's horrors burned within my mind;
I knew the awful truth.
Too well I knew!



THE LAKE

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE lake is alive in the waning sun,
The lake is a dazzling sheet of light.
And the silver sky and the lake are one,
And the sun's hot ray is a path of white.

And I turn away from the silver ray,
And I trace the flight of a bird on high,
And we leave the ripples to dance away,
For the cool green shade of a wood close by.

The lake is at rest 'neath the dying sun,
And the rainbow side of the sky unfolds.
Round the water's margin, the beetles hum;
And the sun's bright ray is a path of gold.

Then I lift the oars in my waiting boat.
At times we drift in the sun's red path;
At times we dream where the lilies float,
'Till dreams are lost in the night at last.

FREEDOM

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



HERE never was a cloud so black
That hid a sky of blue,
The mighty sun could not have pierced,
If it had chosen to.

There never was a grief or woe,
And there is no grief still,
That human hearts can't overcome,
If it would be their will.

So if you have a petty care
That hides the best of you,
O, lose it in the depths of life,
And let yourself shine through!



THE SAD STARS

MARY BROWN, '19



LITTLE stars up in the sky,
Do you know that this is I,
Making music just for you
To dance across your floor of blue?

All the night I play for you
Till the flowers fill with dew,
And you softly run away.
Are you sad, you do not stay?

Does the music of my song
Make your little star heart long
To be like the little boys,
With their music, books and toys?



THE RAIN

MARY BROWN, '19



DEAR friend, you who understand,
You who have reached fulfillment,
Wandered, loved in many lands.
You whose life was meant
To fill the gaps of other lives,
Stop when there is nothing more to gain,
When there's no room to rise
And tell to me the meaning of the rain.

AN INVITATION

MARY BROWN, '19



TIS but an invitation that I send
For some after day.
Oh! will you come and play
In my garden, past the World?
'T is just a tiny place
Of winds and silver face,
And flowers singing to another sky,
And birds that fly so high
To snatch a song from out the sky,
And softly lay it on our ears
Before another mortal hears
And tells it to the World.
And in the evening all around
One can not hear an earthly sound,
While silken-winged fireflies scale
The wall of some lost poet's talk,
And brush a tear away
That nestles in his poet's soul.
And you shall sleep beside a fountain
And feel a softened silver spray
Cling to your body, hot and gay,
And cool your burning soul.
And when you waken,
Song, you 'll hear
Afar off, over there, and near.
For in my garden poets dwell,
Immortal souls who wish to tell



Of songs misunderstood.
Oh! will you come and visit me
In my garden, past the World?



A JUNE NIGHT

MARY BROWN, '19



FROM somewhere, coming through
The music of the trees,
Swaying like dull beaded fans
That fan away the liquid yellow
Of the moon,
A man is humming.
And the old tune
That he hums
Wanders through the music
Of the trees,
And trembles on my window ledge
And melts in a yellow,
Liquid stream,
In the restless flame
Of the candle.
And my soul covers it
With tears,
And knows it for a gift
From Italy.

LOVE

MARY BROWN, '19



I SAW the candle burning
In the window, in a bronzed holder.
I went in.

I had never been there before.
Through the dimness of the yellow light
I saw books,
Many books,
Old books;
Dreams of departed souls.

I drew one from its place.
The dust clung to my fingers,
It sifted into my eyes,
As I turned the crisp and age-stained leaves.

I forgot about sadness, and read,
"Great constancies come of tears."
And I felt the flower of a dream
Unfolding under the yellow haze;
The flower bathed by the tears
Of broken Yesterdays.

I laughed at the presence
Of the purple chance of things
And went out.
There was no candle in the bronzed holder
In the window.

GUINEVERE DEAD

MARY BROWN, '19



HIDDEN, secure within some
shadowed nunnery
Where sound is not,
And sunlight hastens by,
Loving too well its freedom,
Pitying the one within,
A while ago, sunlight and free
Herself, a queen,
Lies Guinevere.
Pale and cold the sweet wan face,
Upturned like a fragrant blossom
Entombed in the morbid atmosphere,
And wreathed around
With wafts of hair of burnished copper
And dull gold.
Pressing against the pale white brow,
The veins, like delicate blue tracings
Beneath a fragile casement,
And falling in heavy, woven braids
Across her silken shoulders
And marble breasts,
As placed there by the silent touch
Of some unbroken novice.
The velvet lidded eyes
Curtained from the World,
And holding a thousand untold dreams,
A thousand more left burning



In the heart of a king—
And lover.
The full, silent lips, pale rose
And yellow intermingled
To indefinite color;
The firm white throat
Holding a voice, music,
And all the songs a lover knows.
Dumb now!



TO ANNE SHUMAN—A SECRET

MARY BROWN, '19



I SAW it written in a book
In black letters;
A memoriam of your Death.
I laughed,
And hated them for saying so,
But then, they know no better.
Perhaps you did not tell them
Beauty can not die.
And what if I should tell them
You are yet more beautiful,
And that your voice
Sings like winds playing
On a grass blade.
Free you are—and living vastly.
But I will not tell them,
It is our secret.

TO THE INDIAN PEOPLE

MARY BROWN, '19



HERE 'S a song of love in my heart,
There 's a flush of life in my soul,
There 's a bit of love quite apart,
That my tears can not control.

Oh! 't is a bit of love for you,
Who can not hear my song,
Whose heritage dreams across the blue
Of a spring sky, wide and long.

I have never been to your land,
Nor followed the path of the rainbow far;
But I 've felt your touch on my hand,
And I wait for the coming of Morning Star.

Of you, the people of Mother Earth
Who are big, and broad and free,
I ask that I may sit at your hearth,
Or find the fairy-ring tree with thee.



LOST AT SEA

MARY BROWN, '19



THE letter came on a stormy night,
With the wind and rain from the Sea.
She read the words by the quivering light,
"Your son lost at sea."

She remembered him standing on the sands,
Telling her where he would go
With the fighting men in foreign lands,
And his voice was deep and low.

She lifted his cup from the vacant place,
And ran through the storm to the sea,
And her voice caressed its foaming face;
"You have kissed his lips for me."

SMOKE
MARY BROWN, '19



BLUE smoke, and black smoke,
And white, so very white.
A soul that has slept and just awoke
And cries out to the night.
Blue smoke,
Black smoke,
And white, so very white.
Between the folds a soul is laid,
The soul of a man whose life is paid
In blue smoke
And black smoke
And white, so very white.
May God accept this man-soul
Borne in the folds of smoke.
Blue smoke,
Black smoke
And white, so very white.



“ NOT YET ”

MARY BROWN, '19



DEAR World, I can not leave you yet,
And I so young.
My twirling ball of Life 's not set,
But just begun.
Dear World, I 'm just a tiny sun
From out the East;
Quiet, still a silent praying nun,
Among the least.
Oh! World, I 'm full of song for you
But let me sing.
It is an olden song, not new,
I ask to bring.
'T is of Life I sing.

THE WIND

MARY BROWN, '19



THE Wind blows in from the World to me
And lays her face against mine,
And I feel one's breath I can not see,
As she prays at a bronzed shrine.

Oh! the World is big, and broad, and free,
With a sun and moon and a World of stars.
But there 's only the wind twixt you and me
To tell me where, and what you are.

I shall not ever see your face,
Smiling there in the Shadow Land;
But the Wind goes by on her summer race,
And drops your kiss on my hand.



EVENING

MARY BROWN, '19



SOMETIMES when evening spreads across
the sky,
And leaves a lilac trail behind,
And when the night bird from his tree begins
to fly,
I wish for me you 'd seek, until you find.

If you were here to see the passing of the day,
And tell me how you loved the night,
If you were here to watch each star come out to
play,
Then I would find in darkness more delight.

Perhaps you 're watching from your window too,
And wishing for a cloud to hold,
But watching through the twilight is for two,
Who weave soft dreams from out the skyline's
gold.

DR. BRASHEAR SPEAKS

MARY BROWN, '19

*(The writer's idea of what Dr. Brashear might have been
thinking as he lay in state in Memorial Hall.)*



IS it not strange I should be lying here,
My face turned to the sky?
The strangeness is that one should drop
a tear,
For such a happy one as I.

There is a truth in saying dreams come true.
Why do they weep for me?
My dreams—for ever gazing at the blue
Sprinkled with stars and planets now shall be.

Never to lose the sight of each loved star,
Ever to hear the music of the sphere,
Looking beyond to other worlds afar,
All is joy, my heart holds no fear.



A PRAYER FROM THE U. S. A.

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17

(Written November, 1916)



WE thank Thee, Lord, that we are spared,
From war's invading hand;
And may that demon never mar
The beauty of our land!

That demon fierce with leering looks
And fingers bloody red,
Who roams in lands far o'er the sea
And counts his gain—the dead.

We thank Thee! for that blessed peace
Which holds us by the hand,
And fills our hearts with precious joy
While love flows o'er our land.

Help us to trust in Thee, alone,
Our love for man increase,
Dear Lord, till peace shall ever reign,
And war for ever cease!

THERE 'S A COMFORT
IN THE PATTTER OF THE RAIN

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



HERE 'S a comfort in the patter of the
rain,
When it gently taps against your
window pane,
When days are scorching hot,
Or your feelings have been wrought,
There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain, rain,
rain,
In the merry, little, patter of the rain.

There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain,
When you think of all the ripening grain
That is thirsting for a drop,
Just to swell the harvest crop,
There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain, rain,
rain,
In the blessed, needed, patter of the rain.

There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain,
Though your needs may change your plans
again.
Just to sit and see it dash,
With a merry little splash,
There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain, rain,
rain,
In the dashing, and the splashing, of the rain.



There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain,
When all joy in life about us seems to wane,
Its soft patter 'mid the trees
Sounds like autumn's balmy breeze.
There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain, rain,
rain,
In the gentle, peaceful, patter of the rain.

There 's a comfort in the patter of the rain,
And it seems to make things go all right again.
God's own hand that makes it fall,
On the great and on the small
Sends a comfort in the patter of the rain, rain,
rain,
In the blessed, peaceful, patter of the rain.



COUNTRY

RUTH McFARLAND, '17



LAND of beauty and of rest,
Peaceful Land we love the best;
Land of flowers, and of birds;
Land of gentle grazing herds;
Land of shady pleasant nooks;
Land of quiet flowing brooks;
Land where all can think and grow;
In the sunlight's mellow glow;
'T is the country land we love
Blest by God, Himself, above.

LIFE

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



DREAM days when all was rosy morn,
With roses everywhere;
When riches lay in store for me
And life had not a care;
When castles rose at my command
And kings bowed low to greet.
Ah! that was when the years were young,
And all was fresh and sweet.

Real days, when noon was drawing nigh,
And thorns lay here and there;
With riches somehow not so nigh,
And life had now its care;
When castles vanished from my sight
And kings had left my thought.
Ah! now the years were hastening on
And older things had brought.

Calm days when night had settled down
And peace began to reign;
As looking backward o'er the years,
I saw the loss and gain.
I knew that youth was dream time,
Which at noon held feeble sway.
Then age came to be my companion
And stole all my dreams away.



I 'VE A LONGIN' FOR THE DEAR OLD FARM

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



I 'M a feeling kind'a weary,
And a sort'a restless, too;
And I scarce know what 's the matter,
And I scarce know what to do;
And I long for peace and quiet,
Where it 's free from all alarm;
Till I find that I 'm a longin'
For the dear old farm.

When the days are hot and stifling,
When the worries are a coming,
When it 's noisy as can be,
And there 's something bothers me,
When the bright lights make one dizzy,
When it is so dreadful warm,
Ah! 't is then that I 'm a longin',
For the dear old farm.

O, for peace and gentle quiet!
O, for birds that sweetly sing!
O, for drowsy hum of crickets!
O, for just a quiet swing,
'Neath the dear, old, shading pine tree,
Where there 's ever peace and calm!
O, I 'm longin', yes, I 'm longin',
For the dear old farm.

O, for flowers that nod in splendor!
O, for skies of rarest blue!
O, for fields of rip'ning clover,
Where the breeze sweeps gently thru!
O, for just a day to stop there,
Where it's ever free from harm!
O, I'm longin', yes I'm longin',
For the dear old farm.



BRING BACK MY YOUTH
AGAIN

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



GIVE me the joys of childhood,
Pulsing through every vein.
Give me its fun and frolic,
Bring back my youth again.

Give me those days I loved most,
Where sweetest bliss doth reign.
Give me the hours of childhood,
Bring back my youth again.

Take away cares and all worries,
Yes, take away even my fame.
Give me the days long vanished,
Bring back my youth again.



APPRECIATION CLASS

RUTH McFARLAND, '17



WHEN you're seated in the class room,
And the gong outside has rung,
If you're there for 'preciation
Then it is you have some fun.

The Victrola takes a notion,
And the handle will not turn
When you're listen'n for some music
Great composers' style to learn.

Then you turn to the piano
And you work with might and main;
And the roll it only screeches,
And your efforts are in vain.

And you pound it and you bang it,
Till you almost crawl inside;
Awaiting for some music,
By some genius that has died.

Once when we were in that class room,
And the teacher said precise,
"The ' Surprise Symph ' I will render
On the ' Vick ', it's very nice."

But alas, when fixed the record,
The handle would not twist,
Though he tried and tried to turn it,
Till he almost broke his wrist.



He would like to have said something,
But his looks were quite enough,
And he said, "We'll use the Player,"
As he handed it a cuff.

But the Player was indignant,
And it only groaned and screeched,
Though he pedaled and he pedaled,
Like a motor on a beach.

And we all then fell to laughing,
And we said "Surprise" was true,
For we never had suspected
That's what great Haydn could do.

As if thoroughly disgusted,
Teacher turned to go away,
When wonderment of wonders
The piano starts to play.

And it played away for dear life
And the music raced along!
Just as it was fairly started
There resounded forth the gong.



Now if any in this High School
Is a looking for a lark,
Just you join a class in music
And your troubles will embark.

And in spite of groans and screeches,
And the Victrola's stubborn ways,
You will learn something of music,
That will help in future days.



THE HELPLESS DUTCHMAN

RUTH McFARLAND, '17



DEIN teacher say to write a poem;
I tries from morn till night,
But venn I tinks me I am done,
De ting it don't go right.

De lines goes up, de lines goes down,
De lines goes all arounds,
And venn i tries to read it, Ach!
Mein gootness! how it sounds.

So blease don't, teacher, ask me soon,
A nudder poem to bring;
For true, I now will tell to you,
Mein lines, dey vill not sing.

LIFE

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



WERE I but an artist,
I'd leave the crowded town,
I'd seek the peaceful country
And there I'd settle down.

I'd take my paints and canvas,
I'd find a shady nook,
Beneath some shady pine trees,
Beside a rippling brook.

And there I'd paint the country landscape,
God's land it seems to me,
For all is peace and restful,
In that land so wide and free.

I'd paint the rolling hillsides,
I'd paint the ripening grain,
I'd paint the birds and flowers,
I'd paint the peaceful lane.

I'd try to paint the breezes,
I'd paint the woodland too,
I'd paint the glowing sunset,
And then, when I was thru,



I 'd seek to name the picture,
So far from war and strife,
Until beneath the painted canvas
I 'd write the one word—" Life."



LOST

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



SOMEWHERE, along the path of life
I 've lost a precious treasure.
Somewhere, I 've lost my fairest youth,
Somewhere its sweetest pleasure.

I sought to find it once again,
But vain was my endeavor.
Sad is my heart, for now I know
My youth is gone forever.

ANSWER

Ah! foolish one to search the past
From whence naught ere returneth.
Why look not here about for that
For which thine own heart yearneth?
Youth is not lost, but hid beneath
Thy cares, where it lies ever,
Unless once more thou chooseth Hope;
Then—Youth remains for ever.

WINTER

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



I WALKED to my frozen window
And looked on the world with delight,
For the little winter fairies
Had been busy all the night.

A million of little snowflakes
Covered the great everywhere;
A million of little fairies
Danced through the frosty air.

From the tiniest bit of shrubbery,
To the greatest old oak tree,
Each was decked in the whitest garments;
The ground was a broad white sea.

And I asked, "What if every snowflake
Would say, 'I'm so very small,
I guess I won't fill my mission,
To the earth I will not fall'?"

"Where would be then, the downy blanket
Of softest, warmest white?
Need we not each little snowflake,
To make that cover right?"

And so it is with us then,
Though our mission may be small,
Though we fill just a tiny spacelet,
There is need of us—one and all!



MEMORY

RUTH MCFARLAND, '17



H! Parting Days, come tell me!
What mixtured joy is this?
A pang akin to sadness,
A touch of rosied bliss;
As memory softly stealing,
Creeps up and takes my hand,
And tells of days forgotten,
Left on some distant strand.

She takes me back to childhood,
To dear old first school days,
And as I fondly see them,
Before mine eyes a haze,
An instant, seems to hover,
But memory sweeps aside,
And into broader visions
With me she swiftly glides.

Through tiny childhood worries,
And up the rising way,
Till to the High School threshold,
We journey forth one day;
Then through its days we hasten,
And countless friends we greet,
Some, whom on earth's steep pathway,
We ne'er again shall meet.

And memory kindly pauses,
 As looking through those years,
My heart is filled with gladness,
 My eyes are filled with tears;
For High School days are ended,
 And duty sternly calls
To higher aims, to rougher roads,
 To leave the sheltering walls.

And so we leave our school days,
 And bravely onward go;
To win a name, to climb to fame,
 To conquer every foe.
And when age brings retrospection,
 May this be what we see:
Years full of joy and service,
 When memory walks with me!





ONE REASON WHY

NORMAN J. HARRAR, '18



IF you will just walk down the street,
And watch the people that you meet;
You soon will find, as I have found,
Their eyes are fixed upon the ground.

They hurry by a good old friend,
But smiles of joy they seldom send;
And from their lips escapes no sound,
They have their eyes upon the ground.

The birds whose singing fills the air,
Are naught to them, they do not care;
They never go where flowers abound,
But keep their eyes upon the ground.

They have no pleasure in the arts,
I wonder what is in their hearts.
They measure all things by the pound,
Their eyes are always on the ground.

Then do you wonder why our land
Is torn by strife on every hand;
When greedy men are all around,
Who never see above the ground?

Look up and see the bright blue sky!
A glorious sun shines from on high;
Your life with joy will then abound.
Just lift your eyes from off the ground.

“ SUCH IS LIFE ”

NORMAN J. HARRAR, '18



THE moon so round and silvery white,
Shone in the cloudless sky so bright,
Preventing all the shades of night,
From even dimming its pure light.
And thus it seemed that in this fight,
Between the darkness and the light,
The clouds would all be put to flight,
For evermore.

Anon, as later in the night
The clouds increased, that moon so bright
Began to fade from sight;
Although at times it almost might
Regain its former silvery white.
It is no longer a delight,
Becoming an unsteady light
For evermore.

The hours have fled and, in their flight,
Have brought the darkened gloom of night,
The pall-like clouds obscure the light;
The moon has passed beneath their blight,
And now entirely out of sight,
To life no longer has the right;
All now must be eternal night,
For evermore.



BY THE FIRESIDE

NORMAN J. HARRAR, '18



IN the pleasant twilight hours,
In the slowly fading light
All alone, I soon am dreaming,
By the fireside so bright.

Soft and gentle flames inspiring,
Stirs my memory, and I see
All the good and loving faces,
Many long since lost to me.

Faces which are as familiar,
As they were in days gone by;
Maybe if I now could see them,
I would leave them with a sigh.

So, remain ye pleasant faces,
In this hour of peace and rest;
When there comes this fancy picture,
Memory paints you at your best.

Yet still other brighter visions,
Stealing softly through the gloom
Light the life and lead it upward,
With their never failing bloom.

As the fire dies into embers
And my dreams all disappear,
I am left with only memories,
Here a smile, and there a tear.

FANCY LAND

NORMAN J. HARRAR, '18



THE sun sinks in the western sky,
The long day's toil is o'er;
I stop my work with grateful sigh
And homeward turn once more.

Then as the shades of twilight fall,
And twinkling stars appear;
A charming, yet a distant call,
I always seem to hear.

Perhaps it comes from that strange land,
Where fancy sometimes strays,
To walk with some one, hand in hand,
A friend of by-gone days.

Or else it wanders on, and dreams
Of all the coming years;
It counts the smiles, but never seems
To think about the tears.

A pleasant evening hour is this,
That ends the weary day;
Though everything has gone amiss,
Cares soon are charmed away.

Then in the sky doth softly shine,
The moon so round and white;
And Fancy-Land no more is mine.
Dreams vanish; it is night.



LIFE

MARY J. HARRAR, '21



SPRING, and soft sweet breezes blowing,
Tell us that the grass is growing
Toward the light.

Flowers answer to the calling,
Of the raindrops that are falling
On the earth.

Music from the trees comes ringing,
As each joyous bird is singing
To his mate.

Perfume to the air is clinging;
Butterflies are swiftly winging
On their way.

Days of youth are quickly fleeting;
Listen, while your heart's gay beating
Calls for Life.

Lo! the answering notes are swelling;
Soft and clear in sweetness dwelling
Comes the cry.

'T is to you, each creature living,
That the thrill of spring is giving
Joyous Life.

TAPESTRY LIFE

SELMA DERRY, '19



THROUGH the silver thread of time,
Through the silver thread of life,
Is threaded the coloured warp.

Textiled in dreamed fancies;
Woven of fragile threads;
Coloured with human passions;
Redipped when old and dead,

Till it hangs in growing splendour,
Dulled colours painted anew.
Now the tapestry life hangs bared,
Washed in understanding dew.

Yet ever anon thro' the changes,
The motif of life held fast.
Yet ever anon thro' the ages
The motif of life will last.



A MEMORY OF ARDLA'S " SOUVENIR "

SELMA DERRY, '19



WHAT same long sigh of memory crept
through the heavy air.
Again I heard a violin speak
Far back and down the years.
Again I heard its tragedy,
Its happiness, its tears.
Again I heard the blind man's heart,
Again I heard its prayer,
When I heard the wailing, crying call
Creep thro' the heavy air.

It is a serenade to life
In a saddened minor strain,
Summoning one's own ventures,
Calling fresh tears in vain.
One gives his all for knowledge,
One pays for a souvenir;
All life's exquisite moments
Are those that cost one dear.

THE BOY OF THE FOUNTAIN

SELMA DERRY, '19



IN his slim vagabond body
Are the wise seer's rules,
All philosophically told;
Under his cool silver-green skin
Runs the misty blood of a dreamer
Laden with the moon's quilt,
And the breeze's caresses,
And the flowers' fragrance—
All of these in the slight boy envelope.

All day he watches the waves of people
Wash around his pedestal.

Once a tiny child fell into the fountain,
He was trying to reach the Boy:
It was twilight.
The next morning they carefully lifted him up
And bore him away.
They did n't know that the child had gone to
play with the Boy.

And so every twilight
When there is a noise of capering and dance,
Just when the shadows begin to become all-
powerful,
They say it is a vagrant-breeze.
It is the child-soul.



And once a lovely mother-person
Stopped at twilight and heard the dancing,
And she sighed and leaned over the basin and
wept.

There in the cool waters was the laughing face.
And she whispered, "Make him happy."
And she went her lonely way soothed.

And now when they feel a drop splashed
Up out of the basin onto their very lips,
They do not know the exquisite peace
Is but the mother-person's tear and kiss.

And yester-eve an old, old lady
Stopped and sat on the basin's ledge.
She was yellow as dried bark,
And her stiffened, gnarled old body
Was being wooed in its last resistance.
Tired with tears and laughter,
She crouched there on the basin's ledge,
There came a last whispering insistence
And the calm quiet content of unknown time was
hers.

They found the old lady lying peacefully by the
basin's ledge.
And they did not know that a great understanding
Had joined the twilight revels.

"Evil charm"—
And so they are carting the Boy of the Fountain
away.

CLASS POEM

PEARL TAYLOR, '18



NOR four long years our little fleet,
Has kept quite close to shore;
We've been protected from the storms
And from the breakers' roar.

Now from the harbor we must sail,
The water here is shoal;
And it's beyond the ocean's rim
That we shall find our goal.

Together down the main we'll sail,
As on this voyage we start;
But after the first league or so
We'll slowly drift apart.

Then farther, farther we shall go
Until these sails so white
Shall be but tiny scattered specks,
Which slowly fade from sight.

Tho' we may go by different routes
Each to a different clime,
Our class in memory we'll hold.
The memory of this day will last,
Through years of changeful time.



IMITATION OF BURNS' "FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT"

PEARL TAYLOR, '18



THEY say the poor man should be proud,
Although he 's poor and a' that;
Should lift his head above the crowd
And smile and jest and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It 's not so nice as a' that,
The man that has the gold can smile;
The gold 's the thing for a' that.

They say it 's nice to walk around,
And exercise and a' that;
They say it keeps the body sound,
And gives you health for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
It may be true for a' that,
But riding in a limousine
Is better far than a' that.

Life in a cottage may be nice,
And cozy, too, and a' that;
With bread and beans, or soup of rice,
Onion stews and a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Then mush and milk and a' that,
But chicken, beef stew, turkey or lamb
Is more desired for a' that.

MY SON

IRENE SCRINE, '20



DEAR lad who hath gone forth to France,
My son so brave and true.
Hast met misfortune's storms perchance?
Or doth the fight pursue?

'T was Spartan mothers who of old,
Bade sons go forth to fight,
In a manner that unfolds
Great depths of sacrifice.

Like theirs my farewell was a song
That sent thee off to fight.
For thou dost go to right a wrong,
As did King Arthur's Knights.

For thee I long at morning hours,
And yet at noonday light;
For thee I pray when twilight lowers,
Of thee I dream at night.

What though I long, I dream, I pray,
I would not have thee home,
Until Democracy holds sway
O'er conquered Kaiserdome,

Till noble Belgium is restored,
Till France her cause has won,
Till right o'er all the world is lord.
Then come thou, home, My Son!



AT DAWN

Salutatory—Mid-year Commencement, January 28, 1920

IRENE SCRINE, '20



DAWN!
But the Star of the Morning is fading
so fast,
That its lustre too soon will belong to the past!
But none sigh!
For no fears are expressed in the land of the birds,
In the forest are wasted no troublesome words.
Lo, a Song!
A gay, trembling, re-echoing song fills the air,
And its notes all are joyous, its melody fair.
And gladness,
True gladness is ever the trend of the song
Which from bird unto bird is so swift passed along.
But stay!
Have you noted out there 'mongst the sheltering
trees
That a tiny brown hut, looking closely one sees,
Just a shack!
Just a small rustic pile of old mouldering boards.
But note how the birds are all circling towards
The Brown Hut.
What a curious flock! What a strange trysting place!
But there we've o'erlooked the kind aged face
Of the Man.
The Old Man, the good friend of the small feath-
ered flock,



Who communes with them all as he slowly doth
walk

'Round the Hut.

Who communes with his friends who so gaily are
dressed;

Who communes with them all from the least to
the best.

For he loves

The plain tiny brown bird as he loves the orange-
crowned,

Or the radiant blue bird which circles around
His white head.

And he loves the red thrush as he loves the King
Bird,

Or the Oriole bright, or the Cardinal bird,

Or the Lark,

Or Bob White, or the quaint Bobolink, or the
Crow,

For they all are his friends, not e'en one is his foe.

For he knows

And he cares, and the feathered folk know that
he cares,

That he cares for each one and he knows how
each fares.

But somehow

It doth seem that today their melodious song

Is somehow more gladsome, and somehow more
strong.

You ask why?

'T is because the long days are fast fading away,

A new flight they must take, a new journey today.

They must part.



Must part from their friend; their best friend of
all,
Who through the long days has oft answered their
call.

Yet they sing,
And are glad and give thanks that it thus proved
to be,
That they have a good friend and that friend
is he.

And then too,
They must leave the old haunts where so long
they have dwelt.

And although a dull feeling of sadness is felt,
They 're assured
That when midway the sun on his course bright
doth shine,

They will find that new scenes and new friends
their hearts bring;

And that now,
E'er the new southward course, the new pathway
they take

The last hour of tryst they 're endeavoring to make
A fair Memory,
Upon which they may look when the short days
prevail,

And the Star of the Morning is hid 'neath the veil,
And the sun

In the west ends his course with a faint purple
line,

Above which the Star of the Evening doth shine.



Oh, friends!

The Dawn for us too gloweth warmly and fair;
For us too dims the Star of the Morning out there;
But no sigh
Shall escape to betray any lingering fear,
But a song filled with gladness rings proudly and
clear.

For we too

Like the gay feathered flock know what staunch
friendship means.

And now as we leave for new friends and new
scenes,

We are cheered

With the knowledge that Friendship's strong ties
bring you here

To list to our songs of Farewell, and to cheer

Us, each one,

For we as the birds are quite strangely unlike

But each one is loved and is cherished alike;

For each one

There is some one who loves, and there 's some one
who cares.

There 's some one who cares and who knows how
each fares.

So, friends, tonight

Accept the glad songs that our hearts give to thee

To answer the smiles that we everywhere see.

We rejoice,

And are glad, and give thanks, that it thus proves
to be

That we have good friends and that they should be.



And that now,
E'er we venture on pathways so strange and so
new,
While the long days of youth are becoming so few,
Let us make
The last hour of trysting a mem'ry so dear,
That when come the short days of the mellowing
year
We'll look back,
And give thanks for the days of the bright Morning
Star.
These days of the Dawn which picture so far
In the distance,
The sun of our lives, just a faint purple line,
Above which the Star of our Evening will shine.

WHY?

EDNA HELQUIST, '20



I 'M only an ignorant female,
As stupid as stupid can be,
But I 'd like to ask one or two questions,
About things that are puzzling me.

Why are football games played on gridirons,
And baseball games on plates?
Why is basketball played with baskets,
And hockey played on skates?

I 've heard the boys speak of coaches,
Which to my mind are quite out of date;
Most men of today ride in autos,
In which they can travel in state.

Why are there players called half-backs?
Are they crippled some curious way?
If they are, it is quite an injustice,
That they should be forced to play.

And they talk of a baseball diamond,
Which is placed on a muddy field;
With jewels they seem to be careless,
I should think that its fate would be sealed.

On the whole, as you look at these questions,
I think that with me you 'll agree,
That there 's quite a few things in athletics
That should be explained to me!



MY CASTLE

EDNA HELQUIST, '20



WY castle is
A beautiful place
In which to live.
Not palaces of wondrous build
Nor yet a castle, marvelous to view;
But a Soul,
A thing of beauty,
Which,
When gazed upon by those
Whose Love I cherish,
Fills them with
A corresponding Love.

There would I live,
A hermit—
Yet,
Visited by all,
And from them
Learning those Virtues,
Which,
As I daily strive,
Shall make my Soul
A thing of ever-growing beauty;
And which,
When I am weary of these
Earthly things
Shall aid me

To attain my goal;
That castle,
Beauteous beyond
All knowledge,
Where I,
And all my kindred Souls,
Shall dwell in peace.



MOTHER

MARIAN CROOKS, '17



GOD made, for earth, one perfect heart,
The clay He used, and set apart,
Was far superior to any other
For, from it, He must mold a "Mother."

He made her loving, kind, and pure,
That through the ages, she might endure;
A symbol of eternal love
And guide on earth, as He above.

Her love surrounds us at our birth,
Her love lends earth its greatest worth;
There 's naught in realms the earth above
That far transcends a mother's love.



THE SEASONS

JANET MUIR



WINTER, Autumn, Summer, Spring,
Seasons passing on the wing;
Thus the happy years roll on,
Till another year has gone.

Spring so gentle takes the lead;
'T is she who tends to each small seed.
Sun she sends, and plenty of showers,
Which in turn bring forth the flowers.

Joyous summer trips along;
Brings with her a happy song.
Roses now are open wide;
Fairies in their petals hide.

Next comes Autumn with the frost,
Leaves from trees are gayly tossed.
Now the harvest time is near,
'T is the best of all the year.

Hoary winter brings the snow,
With his breath the cold winds blow;
Thus, the happy days roll on,
Till another year has gone.

UNFURL OUR FLAG

JANET HOOD, '18



UNFURL Our Flag! The Flag we love!
Let nations now behold
The splendor of that glorious flag,
Its colors brave and bold.

It lived through shot and cannon roar,
Through storm o'er sea and land;
That flag so greatly loved by us,
Unfurl from every strand.

It stands for bravery, hope and cheer,
It stands for nation free;
And floating proudly seems to say,
"America for Thee."

The red, the white, the loyal blue,
To nations may it stand,
For country far the noblest
And best in all the land.

Unfurl Our Flag! The Flag we love,
And let it float for aye!
An emblem of the land we love
And cherish day by day.



AUTUMN THOUGHTS

MARION B. RICHEY, '17



SUMMER has gone from our valleys,
Leaving us lonely the while:
Taken the birds to the South Land
Where the glad sun will beguile.

Once leaves were green in the tree tops;
The ground was green-carpeted, too;
Now the leaves are every color,
The carpet 's a brownish hue.

The harvest is almost over,
The sowing and reaping done;
The flowers and blossoms are sleeping
Awaiting the Spring-time sun.

The wood will soon be deserted,
Except for the faithful few;
Chickadee, Downy and Nuthatch,
Gray Squirrel and Song Sparrow, too.

These brave, little, wild-wood brothers,
With their voices pure and clear,
Bring joy in the long, cold winter,
When the days are dark and drear.

IN THE GARDEN

FRANCIS HALDERMAN, '18



THEY were alone in the garden,
One warm summer night in June.
Together they looked in the silvery lake
Reflecting the roses in bloom.
But her heart was heavy and weary,
Some trouble I knew they 'd had;
Tears fell in dew drops from her eyes,
As she lower drooped her head.
He was so big and stately;
So little and dainty was she.
She looked up at him sadly;
He looked down piteously.
I want some suggestion, dear reader.
How could he return her love?
For she was a flower, a little rose,
And he, the great moon above.



A SYMPHONY IN BLUE

MARY BROWN, '19



LITTLE lady of the Blue Room
Standing there before the mirror,
Quaintly mingling
With the ancientness of the dressing table,
Hiding in the bluish shadows.
Her eyes are blue,
And still more blue,
Because of the soft indefinite blueness
Falling from her pale shoulders,
And rippling down the slimness of her blue stained
body.

Little lady of the Blue Room
Lying on a couch of velvet,
With a wave of blue across it;
And trickling in cool color
Into the molten pool
Of gold on the carpet,
While a wind just kissed by a blue sky
Swings the blueness of the curtains
In its arms,
And a corner of the curtain
Sweeps across her cheek,
As her eyes linger on a
Print above her,
A blue print
Of Hope.

THE CALL

MARY BROWN, '19



ONLY yesterday I saw you,
Running in and out,
With the tide.
Your little pale feet glistened
On the moving surf,
And your happy lips
Were pomegranate dyed,
And you felt no mediator
Between you and the sea.
I called to you to come,
I wished to give you something,
You only tossed your head
And laughed.
And your eyes were wild sea things,
And I heard the singing
Of the sea things
And trembled,
And tried to call to you
But you were gone;
Running wildly out and out
With the singing tide.
I waited breathlessly
Till it would bear you back to me,
And then I saw it
Stealing up the quiet sands
Alone.
I have placed the gift



In a casket of pearl and jade;
Far from the singing
Wild sea things.
And now, when the sea is wild
And the moon is hid,
I hear you call at my door,
But I know it is only the wind,
Or a dream.



TO A GREAT ONE

MARY BROWN, '19



THERE is a silentness in things today,
A sweet strange longing in the air,
As of some secret vow laid bare,
Since you have gone away.

It is as if you were not far away,
Just here and there, a bird
Or picture, or a song just heard
In some wind that can not stay,

Pale skies and suns that set,
And violets blooming in the rain,
Waiting for your eager touch again,
Eternal promises not to forget.

THE IMMIGRANT

(Delivered at Commencement, June 2, 1919)

MARY BROWN, '19



HERE was a sky, a Russian sky,
With a crimson sun,
Burning, torturing that sky
And drawing
The Stream of Life from out
The alien heart of her,
Sitting there, waiting.
Waiting for the passing of time
And the cool, concealing depth
Of the night,
And freedom.
And her tears
Fell like pale beads
From a broken cord,
And the little toy
She held against her burning heart,
The gift she gave
So willingly to the World;
For the World to spit upon
And call,
"Cheating Jew."

That little toy
Caught her tears
In his tiny frail hands
And laughed.



And she,
She smiled,
Because he did not understand.
And then she saw
That sun
Mirrored in a window,
Casting its burning presence
On her quiet form,
And melting all her dreams
Of freedom, happiness,
Into frantic chaos,
While the little toy
Played with her tears
And laughed!
Because he did not understand.

A bird flew by
Between the sun and her,
Its wings spread wide,
Its freedom won.
And her shining slits
Of passionate eyes
Grew wide with inspiration,
And she whispered
To the little toy,
Whispered so the crimson sun
Might not know;
"You see that bird
Fly West from you and me?
Come! We go to follow it
To freedom,
You and I."



She sat there
Huddled in the steerage.
Hot with
Vagrant breathing,
And one small tear
Fell.
A tear of glad expectation
For the Promised Land
Of dreams
And vast freedom,
For the little toy.
In America
There is a school
For him,
Where he will learn
To read, and
Sing.
And he will sing
The Songs of David
To her.
And people
Will smile, and say,
"It is well.
America is freedom."
And another small tear fell.
A tear of misty realization,
And the little toy
Laughs,
Because he does not understand.
So she sat
And waited for the Land of Promise,
Where rainbows



Flaunt their colors
In a cool rain sky;
And men
Find bowls of golden happiness
At their own doors,
And the eager
Shadowed hearts
Around her
Reach their hands into the sunshine
Of their Desire,
And draw them
Lingeringly back,
From transparent dreams,
And calmly smile
Into the deceptive eyes
Of Fate.

All day she stood there,
By her stand;
And loved the warmth
Of the sun
Bathing the round smoothness
Of her fruits,
And she thought
Of the coming evening,
When her little toy
Grown large and strong
Through those eight years
Of freedom,
Would open his little
Yellow book,
The one the teacher

Gave him for a year,
So kind is America.
And running his finger
Along the neatly printed page
With the light
From the little lamp,
Sinking into the blackness
Of his hair
He reads to her.
She does not understand,
But the music of his voice
Flows through her tired body,
And she quickly
Wipes away a tear
With her apron,
But not before he sees her.
And he closes his book
And climbs up
On her knee;
And the touch
Of his strong, young body
Makes her tense
With excitement.
And he raises her face
In his hands
And says, " You cry?
Why? "
And she laughs
Loudly,
And taking his hands
She dances
Round and round the room





With him,
And cries, " There 's a golden bird
In my heart
Singing a happy song
Of love to you.
You, hear it? "
And she thought
How happy they would be
In the evening,
When a star came out
In their narrow
Strip of sky,
And a corner of the moon
Lingered at the window's
Edge.

One day he came
To her
Swinging along
The street,
And she felt
The melody
Of his Life
Playing to her own
Emotions,
And she saw him
Coming towards
Her.
And when
He touched her hand
The melody faded
Into reality.

She wondered
At the Triumph
In his eyes,
And partly understood
But
Was silent.
He picked up
An orange
From her little stand
And laughing,
Threw it up
To meet
The sun,
But closed his eyes
Before
It did come down.
And she turned
Her face
Towards the East
Where she saw
That wall
Hot and fiercely tall
Around a Holy City,
And she heard
The beating
Of ancient hands
And the wailing
Of tired voices,
Coming
From great hearts
Broken
Crying to a sky





That would not
Hear,
Till they lay
Bruised and broken
And faded
Into the dust
Forgotten.
So she saw,
And the joy
In her heart
Withered
For a moment,
And the sun
Caught the tear
In her eye
And drew it
To himself,
And placed it
In a purple vault
Of sacred things.
Then she saw the face
Of him
Standing there
Beside her, and
She knew
He was free.
When he took her hand
And led her home
To the room
Where he always
Read to her
From the little Yellow Book.



And he told her,
And his voice
Was cold with
Pride
For the old traditions
Of an ancient people,
“ Mother, to-day
America
Has given honors
To Jerusalem.”
She only smiled
Quietly, because
She knew
It would be so,
When the white bird
Flew between
The sun and
Her,
And she said,
“ How kind is
America! ”

She sat there
Listening to him
Speak,
And all the faces
Round her
Faded into
Nothingness
Save his,
Her little toy.
And his words



Wove the last
Cool veil
Across that
Crimson sun,
And she knew
Her toy was gone
For ever.
Every one shook his hand,
After it
Was over.
And she thought,
"America
Loves him."
And she was glad
And waited
Patiently,
Till he came to her
Smiling strangely
And led her
Home.
She did not tell him
What she thought.
He knew.
And she took
The lamp away
And left him
Standing at the window
With only the moon
Lingering there.
And his face
Became flushed
With pain,

And a vow formed
On his lips
In silence,
And no one knew.
And he heard
The beating of their hands
On the wall
And he said,
“ They do not know
America.”

And he drew the curtain
Close that he might not
See the skyline
Of the East
And murmured,
“ Else they would be
Free
Like me.”





A PROSE POEM

WILLIS MELLOTT, '19



SLOWLY, very slowly, the large soft flakes of snow fall and settle down over the dark grey land changing it into a field of unbroken white. In the distance darker objects appear dimly outlined in the fading light. Stern grey walls and huge iron gates that guard the city of the dead, ever watchful, lest some one escape. The city is asleep! The falling snow breaks and softens the harsh outline of the ancient portals where many have entered, never to return. Here and there slim shafts of granite reach skyward, exposing upon their smooth sides half-obliterated inscriptions, the last mark of remembrance to the world, of the departed ones. Large lofty vaults loom up into the falling snow bearing mute evidence to the past splendor of their silent occupants. ¶ Night succeeds twilight. The snow has stopped and the large silvery moon shines crisp and clear, reflecting millions of glittering sparkling beams of light from the untrodden snow. Weird ghostly shadows are reflected and enlarged by the vast space of whiteness that has in turn reburied the slumbering city. The stained glass of the dismal vaults lends a ghostly pallor to their marble halls. The moon rises, each object stands out in bold relief casting sharp black shadows. But the city slumbers on like the enchanted cities of old, awaiting the hand of a deliverer.

MY CASE

(Imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



I WANDER up and down the street—
poor I, who can not make ends meet,
and look a hole through plate glass panes
and dodge the raindrops when it rains; because
I am too poor to buy a parachute to hoist on
high, to send the raindrops somewhere else, some
other place than on myself. I gaze at cloaks of
costly fur, and wish, and wish, and wish there
were, some coin where coin has never been—
tied in my knotted kerchief thin, because I had
not coin enough, to buy a purse to hold the stuff.
I look at others passing by, the folks who are not
poor as I. They rustle up their silken skirts
and loll around in silken shirts. They sleep in
silken gowns at night, while I'm without a bed
in sight. I would be satisfied to sleep, on corn,
or beans, or straw, or wheat. I am so tired, I
fain would lean, against the corner of a beam.
I have no car or tinny Liz, I don't know what a
pay-roll is. I never saw a check before, if I could
have three cents or four, I'd buy a little house
and lot, and have a little garden plot. But these
are only dreams of mine, I neither own a cent or
dime. And so I wander up and down and down
and up, and all around, until policemen come in
sight, and give me free keep for one night.



THEN WHAT?

(Imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE folks, who ride in touring cars and roomy limousines, will soon be riding with the stars above the village greens. Their gold will go for aeroplanes to float along the sky. Deserted pikes and country lanes will tell of days gone by. Oh! very soon, most every home will own its private plane. Man will not quench his thirst to roam, by crawling down some lane. The four-wheeled, nineteen-twenty cart that everybody runs, will be a relic of past art, along with World War guns! And folks can travel far and wide, whenever they desire; high over town and country side, nor stop for punctured tire. There won't be traffic laws, or fines, or bends and sudden curves; or broken bridges or road signs that tire the chauffeur's nerves. Man will not have to think of stops, and speed, and other things, until the future traffic cops are wearing service wings. At hide and seek the planes will play, among the fluffy clouds; while down on earth, the cities gay are destitute of crowds. And folks can soar for days and days in any way they choose; right through the sunset's changeful rays of fading reds and blues. The doctor too will roll in gold, from awkward, reckless men, who dropped to earth but still quite bold, desire to

fly again. And down on earth, in grim despair, the folks who do not fly, will dig a mammoth cave somewhere, insured against the sky. Like countless birds, the planes will fly, in flocks by day and night. We can not look into the sky without a flock in sight. And we will know the folks quite well on Jupiter and Mars, and all the other folks who dwell on all the other stars. And in this manner we will ride—perhaps a little while. Until some genius will decide that planes are out of style.



WOMAN SUFFRAGE

(In imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



NOW much more time must pass away, 'till women will not have to stay at home and sweep and sew, while men hang round the polls and jails, relating twice-told, thrice-told tales that died long years ago? The tales that lasted much too long, chewed up by every Jack and John, since Adam lived on earth; the tales that move as gossip moves, until the point is worn off smooth and they are void of worth. While woman stays at home and sweats, and for her worthless husband frets, and for him bakes the bread; while he is telling worthless jokes, and smoking all the famous smokes, enjoying life instead. She does her best to keep



his kid, from doing as his father did, and being what he was; because she knows in future days, the son may have the father's ways, and act as father does. She teaches him the Golden Rule and sends him off to Sunday School, and for her son she prays, and hopes that as a grown-up man, he 'll live as only good men can, who have not father's ways. She hopes that on her dying day, to some great statesman she can say (as all true mothers would): "Although your dad's a worthless one, I 'm proud of what you 've done, my son. I always knew you could."

¶ All other men who work away, just as their wives do every day, can vote and run the state. They make the law and lay it down, elect the ruler for the town, and call their wisdom great. While woman does the bigger work, she murmurs not, nor does she shirk from her unending task; then why should any woman's son, stand up and say what should be done with women; may I ask? The law is all a sad mistake, this privilege that man can take, because his father could; methinks man should be ruled by man. Let women help to rule the land, because a woman should!

¶ A thousand years ago, or more, when men were riding off to war, they said: "We are supreme, and we will lord it over all, until the stars of heaven fall, and life is but a dream." This act of saying how much rent and how much taxes should be spent; it was, and *is* our right, and as we have the stronger force, we 'll hold that right by strength. Of course—when women dare to fight.

SOMETHING NEW

(In imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE human race since time began, has craved for something new. Once in a garden, restless man had nothing else to do. He thought the menu should be changed, and sought new ways to dine, and every man from that time on, is paying Adam's fine. My friend, the cobbler, works on shoes; the baker's baking bread; because I 'm craving something new, I 'm writing rhyme instead. Columbus wanted something new. He tired of Italy, and borrowed (borrowing was new) three ships to sail the sea. To find a new route to the east, 't was said he started out, while many have a new excuse for what it was about. By accident, he chanced upon, a new world on his way, and on it there is something new discovered every day. If man grows tired of walking through the park or 'round the square, he purchases a pair of wings and journeys in the air. And chauffeurs, when they want a change from driving straight ahead, run over banks, or into trees, or just stand still instead. The housewife hunts the market place, for something new to cook; astronomers build telescopes, to seek new ways to look. The business man is always wanting something else to do, he writes a resignation slip, then loafs for something new. The daily press does not exist, we buy three times



a day, by afternoon the morning "news" is dead and laid away.....

¶ If something new should never come to favor you and me, we both would slowly pass away from dull monotony.



PREMATURE DREAMS

(In imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



AS soon as Springtime comes once more. . . I send my old thoughts out the door, inviting new ones in. I dream of all the things I'll do, and of resorts I'll journey to, when loafing time begins. I dream about a summer home—on mountains where the panthers roam, or by the rolling sea. I dream of cots and bungalows, out where the country zephyrs blow, where ducks and geese run free. I dream of eggs and country ham, of cheese made in our native land; of apples, pears and plums of homemade cream and buttermilk, of gingham frocks, instead of silk not of my meager funds. I dream of salty ocean winds, out where the rolling sea begins, out where the sea breeze blows—and where the sands along the beach, are worn down smooth by tramping feet—for everybody goes. I dream of yachts and fishing trips, I dream of big hotels, where tips are quite the proper thing. I dream

of swims, and dives, and dips, of little tramps and little trips—of fish that fly and sing. I dream of good times by the sea 'till Stokes and Jones both look at me and tell me I can go, to where all work is but a dream, and things are better than they seem, and lazy breezes blow . . . to where I can enjoy myself, and just forget that stored up wealth is not a bit of good; to where the people throw away all kinds of bills they get each day, as all the carefree should. They think about their bills no more. Winds blow them to some other shore, or they are washed away . . . because the seas and ocean breeze, can carry "B-Tens" such as these, and also, many more.

¶ Two, of the million, Atlantic bosses.

¶ The title given to our Atlantic statements.



FRUITLESS PASTIME

(In imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



DOWN through the years since time began, once in the life of every man, he journeys to some Five and Ten and buys himself a pad and pen. To see how dimes and nickels count, he starts to keep a check account. He adds expense for seven days, that went in sixteen hundred ways. For charity, he gave away a half a dollar yesterday. He spent a dime for chocolate bars and four-



teen cents to ride the cars. He gave a nickel to the blind and lost a cent he could not find. He spent a quarter for a shave, then bought a razor, just to save. Three dollars for his laundry went and sixty dollars for the rent. He spent ten dollars for a hat; and bought the thing on sale, at that. He spent a fortune for a suit, and still he had coin left to boot. Where has his last month's payroll gone? He did not think he'd keep it long. But somehow, it went far too soon, just like a ten cent toy balloon. Oh! yes, he spent six cents for gum, but that's a very little sum. But there are still six dollars more, this wise man can not reason for. Oh! yes, he paid some standing bills and loaned some coin to Jacks and Jills. He bought a collar and a tie. To ten cents more he said, "Goodbye." And so he frets and fumes away, at counting money for one day. The sum appalls him—all he spends; for wasteful ways, he'll make amends. He dreams dreams soaring to the sky, and swears on Bibles six feet high, that he will be a thrifty man, that is, he will be, if he can. The evening of that very day, he throws his pad and pen away, and counts his worthy effort lost, to figure up the soaring cost, that every single man must pay, to eat and sleep from day to day. He might just throw it all away—it finds the exits anyway.

AGENTS

(In imitation of Walt Mason)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



AN agent rings my doorbell, or he knocks upon the door, to sell me some contraption I have never seen before, and when I throw my apron by to let a "caller" in, he's there to capture me with his most fascinating grin. His tongue keeps slipping crosswise, and up and down and round and round, to tell me of the marvelous invention he has found. If it were placed in every home, all housework would be play; there never was a better time to buy it than today. He knows that it would please me, if I'd give the thing a show. He sold one just this afternoon to Mrs. So and So. The price is going up next week, reduced for just today, and if I want one, I should give my order right away. He demonstrates, and demonstrates, the use of this and that, but all that I can think about, is work I should be at. My dampened clothes are drying out; the dinner should be on. In vain are all my hasty words to tell him to be gone. Indifferently I stand and watch. In vain I make excuse, to go about my work again, in vain, it is no use. He has an endless line of talk, and an "I'm your servant" air; the most persuasive mortal in existence anywhere. He holds his ground remarkably; my footing gives away, for foolishly I buy his goods to get the man away.



THE STUFF OF BOOKS

(*In imitation of Walt Mason*)

LOIS HALDERMAN, '18



THE author that we like is one who tells us what we know. We go to sleep with Emerson and think Carlyle is slow. These authors thought and thought, until they thought out something new, and we complain if we must think to understand them, too. We read a lot of worthless stuff, some writer wrote today. We swallow down the contents whole, and grasp it right away.

¶ It is the common folks and things of which we like to read; they nearly always touch the spot and satisfy our need. We like the little human things that happen o'er and o'er, today and every yesterday, for years and years before. We like to read a tale about, a common man named Smith, who lives across the street from us—the man we gossip with. We like to read of folks who feel as everybody feels, and not of some inhuman knight with spurs upon his heels. We leave the fiction models for the folks who are alive, who ride to work with us at eight and home again at five. We leave the lonesome jewelled queen upon her lonesome throne, for housewives with three orphans and six children of their own. We like that novel best that deals with plain and simple stuff; of manufactured fairy yarns, the world has had

enough. There 's nothing in this world so new, and nothing we like more, than things that happen on our street, or at the corner store. Our interest circles round our jobs and what we say and do; when they are written down in books, we like to read them too. The man who writes of human folks like either you or I, can sell his volumes all to me before the ink is dry.





“ A PATHETIQUE OF 1748 ”

MARY BROWN, '19

Dramatis Personae

Jonathan Edwards The Judge

Sarah—his wife The Girl

Barbara—his daughter (12 years old)

Scene of the Play

THE sitting room in the Edwards' home. The room is furnished in the period of the times, in formal, somber colors, yet almost comfortable. In front of the fireplace is an old English three-legged stool, on which is an earthen bowl holding some wilted daisies, for it is a hot evening in July. The shades in the room are all down, except at the window where Sarah is sitting, working at a delicate piece of lace. The red sunset floods in upon her head, and spatters in a molten pool of gold upon the dark cool carpet.

(Sarah turns to smile at some one coming up the walk.)

Sarah—Barbara, do not hurry, and the air so heavy and hot.

Barbara—(hurrying into the room) But if I did not hurry, mother, the daisies would wither and die without water. Feel their little hot faces. The sun almost broke their hearts today, mother.

(Barbara takes wilted daisies from bowl, fills it with fresh water and arranges fresh daisies in bowl.)

Sarah—Did you see father as you came along the road?

Barbara—Yes, mother. He was talking to the Judge, and seemed to dislike what the Judge was saying very much. I wanted him to look at my daisies, but he frowned at me, and did n't seem to know who I was. Does n't father like the daisies any longer, mother?

Sarah—Your father is a great man, Barbara, a man of great knowledge, and holiness. He loves the flowers, and every growing thing because the Heavenly Father made them.

Barbara—Yes; father is a very great man. The Judge is afraid of him, almost. Is n't he, mother?

Sarah—Your father is a servant of God. No one need fear him. He is strong, and gentle, and just.

(It is almost dark now. A heavy black cloud has settled across the sun. More clouds are rolling in from the east. A low, rumbling is heard in the distance. Little flashes of heat lightning illuminate the sky.)

Barbara—Shall I light the candles now, mother, and read to you from The Book? The poem, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am nothing?"

Sarah—Not yet, dear. Come, sit beside me here. We will wait for father. I fear he is tired tonight. Your reading from The Book will rest him.

(They sit at the window in silence for a few minutes, their faces outlined against the black





sky by frequent flashes of lightning. Professor Edwards enters with the Judge. Barbara lights the candles. Her father's face is pale and grave, the Judge's flushed and determined.)

Jonathan Edwards—Sarah, you do remember the young girl who was dragged from the church at the last meeting for breaking a law and committing sacrilege, namely, smiling during prayer? She can give no acceptable excuse for her conduct, so the Judge informs me. She is to be given one hundred strokes with the black whip, tonight, in the town square.

(The storm outside is coming nearer. The thunder crashes, and the lightning pierces the blackness of the sky and splinters the air.)

The Judge—Hear the wrath of God raging through the heavens. He is crying out to His people to avenge Him.

Barbara—Can not God avenge Himself, father, for He is all powerful, and can work His will among all men?

Sarah—Barbara!

Jonathan Edwards—Do not reprove her, Sarah. I would some of my students had a head like hers. My heart is sad tonight, for the young girl; but it is the will of God. He has ordained it should be so. What man can deny the Will of God? Let us go, Sir, before the storm breaks.

(Cries and shouts and jeers are faintly heard from the public square.)

Listen! They are bringing her out now. I shall be gone only a few minutes, Sarah. Let us believe in the Will of God and be saved.



(He and the Judge go out. The shouts and cries become louder. The storm breaks. The rain beats heavily upon the house. The thunder crashes and the lightning cuts. The little golden tongues of the candles flicker under the air pressure. A tremendous flash of lightning, and the heavens seem rent in two, and the earth trembles.)

Sarah—The lightning has struck something near. How quick it came, as if it were greedily snatching up something out of the very hand of man.

(The door opens and Jonathan enters, followed by two men carrying a body. The face is covered with a black cloth. The men lay the body on the sofa and go out. Jonathan takes off his dripping coat and hat, and sits down near the fireplace where the daisies are smiling up from their cool bath. Barbara and her mother look from the body on the sofa to Jonathan, not knowing what to say.)

Jonathan—Sarah, you do not mind my bringing the body here?

Sarah—N-no, Jonathan. It was the Will of God that you harbor the body. Jonathan, they did n't give her—any strokes?

Jonathan—No. It was as Barbara said. God can avenge Himself. One thrust of His sword piercing



the black air with its gilded edge, and she dropped a lifeless heap, at our feet. It was an unjust law, Sarah. I asked the girl why she smiled during prayer. She told me the prayer was one her mother used to say for evening prayer at home. She said to me with tears in her eyes, "The prayer brought back a happiness that used to be, and I smiled, thus remembering it. I was not aware, Sir, that I displayed my happiness on my lips." Yes, Sarah, it was an unjust law. God has taken her to infinite happiness, and her mother, now. It was the Will of God. He should avenge Himself.

Barbara—Father, may I look at her face, and lay some daisies in her little hands? God would will it so, would He not?

(Jonathan nods consent, and Barbara uncovers the face of the girl, and lays the daisies in her little white hands.)

Barbara—Her face is like a waxen petal, father. There are two pearly tears clinging to her black lashes. The smile is still on her lips. Her face is very happy, father.

Jonathan Edwards—It was the Will of God that she be with her mother in happiness this night. Whose will is so great as the Father's?









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